

First, a lesser story from the same place.

I used to work in a public library, and one time, I had to close, but I ended up staying even later to help one of my bosses with some stuff (brownie points get!).

I was walking down a hallway on the ground floor and, shit you not, the lights started turning off as I passed them, one by one. I freaked and ran for it.

I made sure to stay by my boss for a bit after that (just cause being near people makes supernatural fear go away for me), but I didn't say anything. Eventually, I convinced myself it was probably just a coincidence with the place closing, and I felt better.

Later that night, I had to get something from an office on the top floor. I went up there, and the office is totally trashed, even though all the other offices in the building are just fine. I would've just brushed it off, but the document I needed was sitting on top of the pile, facing so someone walking in could read it. I grabbed it and brought it to my boss, saying nothing, again. But, before I handed him the paper, he handed me a key and apologized for not giving me the key sooner, because you need that key to get into that office.

At this point, I wanna say SOMETHING, but I don't wanna say "GHOSTS!", so I put on my clever cap, and go, "Is that the only key? Because I have the paper right here, and the door was open when I got there." I tell him about how the office was a wreck, and he concludes 'burglar' and we get out and call the cops. They didn't find anything. I'm sure there's a million rational explanations, but it still creeped me out.

This one's better, I promise.

So, in the break room in this same library, one wall was completely covered with blinds that are always closed. One day, me and all the other teens working there are in this room,

because we all took our breaks at the same time, and I get the urge to see some sunlight, so I open the blinds.

The windows behind it were pitch black. As if they were painted. It's 3PM in June, the sun is shining, and the break room shares a wall with the kids book room, which has windows that see outside no problem.

I point this out to everybody and we all realize that no one has ever opened those blinds, despite that more than one person in the room had been there for 3+ years.

We all get just a little creeped out. Just a little; we work in this building, we're in a big group of people, we've been in this room like a million times before.

A girl, we can call her Becky, suggests that maybe the windows are just painted or something for some reason, and if we open them, we'll see the beautiful day outside.

So, this other coworker of mine, let's call him Chris, he was the big man in the room, and says, "Yeah, I'll open it." And he walks right up and does so. And we did not see a beautiful day.

We saw an old, old room, that none of us were aware of. It was so dusty, I doubt it saw a human touch in 40 years. Like, the whole room was grey it was so dusty.

And the room was, get this, filled with toys.

There was a big, ladybug shaped sandbox. There was a bicycle. There was a pile of assorted train toys.

There was a small stack of thin books, like kids books, that gave me one of those nasty, creepy feelings just looking at it. I was reminded of every creepy child I had ever seen in every movie. And I think everyone else was too, because we all looked at each other, either scared and confused or just scared.

And Becky, she looks in, and looks around in there and says, "Hey, there's no door in this room."

I remember her saying that distinctly. It's like a tape recording in my head, because everything so far was just weird, but that sentence is where it got creepy.

The break room was separated from this creepy room by a wall, with windows in it. Why on EARTH would anybody wall off a bunch of kids toys, and install windows that looked into the walled-off room?

It occurs to me at about this time, that the light from the Break Room makes it really easy to see into the Toy Room. Like it's not dark in there at all; it is perfectly lit. So why were the goddamned windows pitch black? Should the light have gone through them, and I should've been able to see the other room when I moved the blinds?

So, I put my hand on one side of an open window, and my head on the other side, and sure enough, I can see through it plain as day. I close the window, and it's pitch black again.

I pointed this out to everyone else, and they were completely baffled.

About that time, we realized our break was over a few minutes ago, and we went back to the library proper.

When we got their, our boss (not the same boss above), who was a bit of a slave driver, got mad and asked why we were all late. Another coworker, Rob, told her we found the weird room behind the windows in the break room.

Her response was, "Oh. That." And she dropped it. This was a woman who would lecture a roomful of people about the littlest thing, like if somebody left without writing on their signout sheet (nevermind our shifts are all predetermined, and she has the master document with all our shifts on it on her desk at all times),

but when that whole building was at DEFCON 1, THAT woman didn't wanna talk about that room.

So. Some time later, we're all in the break room again, and someone who wasn't there last time wants to see it. And, I'm still creeped out, but it's one of those 'creeped outs' where you want to expose someone else to it, to make sure that fear is the proper response, and you're not just crazy, so I say sure, and open the blinds, and open an impossibly dark window.

And this guy looks around, and he's just having a normal, "We found a weird thing"-reaction. You know, "Whoa." "Why is this here?" "This is cool." stuff like that.

A minute or two later Chris opens up another one, and he looks into for a few minutes, and then he turns to me and goes.

"Hey, this room... i-it was dusty as hell last time, right?"

I say, "Yeah?", because it was, and I see what he's getting at, so I open a window, and look through myself.

And this room is CLEAN. Like, spick-and-span. Perfectly clean. Mrs. Brady and Alice had been through this room.

When I say the room was 'cleaned', it was really just dusted. The dust was gone and everything was shiny and new, but the toys and that book pile were left in their haphazard positions. That's why it frightened us so bad; human beings organize when they clean, especially when what you're cleaning is a public building that you work at, which is the only way I could see that room being cleaned having a rational explanation.

And I say so. And all the people who were there last time open windows and look through, and have, again, minor freak outs. And Chris shuts his windows and goes, "I think I'm gonna end my break early today."

And everyone in the room decides that's a good idea, and we

shuts our windows, shut the blinds, and leave, all in a silence that no one wants to break.

On the way back, we pass a maintenance guy, and Becky asks him, "Hey, what's with that walled off room in the break room?" And he just stares at us, with this expression on his face that either shock or fear, but either way, it was strong. And, I guess Becky thought he was confused, because she says, "The one with all the old toys and—" and he cuts her off and says, "Don't- don't go in there, kids." and walks off.

I didn't work the next day, but I did the Monday after. And Chris comes up to me that Monday and says, "We're not allowed to take all breaks at the same time anymore."

And a few days have passed, and I've convinced myself that the Toy Room was just some kind of crazy set of coincidences, and it doesn't matter, so I'm just responding to the news of a boss taking away an employee privilege. I probably said something like, "Man, that's lame." I don't even remember what I said, because it's that unimportant.

But that same day, me and Chris, and two other people are slacking off in one of the aisles, and we've been talking about this change all day, so I say, "Hey... we did you guys all start taking your breaks at the same time in the first place?"

And Chris says, "Because", and here he gets visibly afraid, "because we always felt creeped out in the Break Room alone. Like we were being watched."